

In man and woman, two kinds of history are fighting for power. In the masculine being, there is a certain contradiction; he is this man, yet he is something else besides, which woman neither understands nor admits, which she feels as robbery and violence upon that which to her is holiest. This secret and fundamental war of the sexes has gone on ever since there were sexes, and will continue—silent, bitter, unforgiving, pitiless....

—Oswald Spengler, *The Decline of the West*

In the sixties, talk of a "war between the sexes" was very popular. In point of fact, what was being described was not a war at all, merely the recognition of a change in the balance that had previously existed between the two sexes. The grip of man's domination was loosening, and women rushed forward to take advantage of the situation. The natural relationship which had hitherto existed between man and woman was put under increasing strain by the shift in balance and was rapidly evolving into an ever-more-adversarial coalition. But war?

War is the variety of violence which one traditionally resorts to when all other means of asserting his dominance have been exhausted. There was no war between the sexes in the sixties simply because man had long since ceased to assert his dominance by any means. It is precisely this male backsliding which gave rise to the tension which was misconstrued as war, and which has grown steadily worse until today. Perhaps a war will be necessary to bridge the abyss across which the sexes stare mistrustfully at each other.

—Harry P. Ness

Woman is a temple...built over a sewer.

—Anonymous

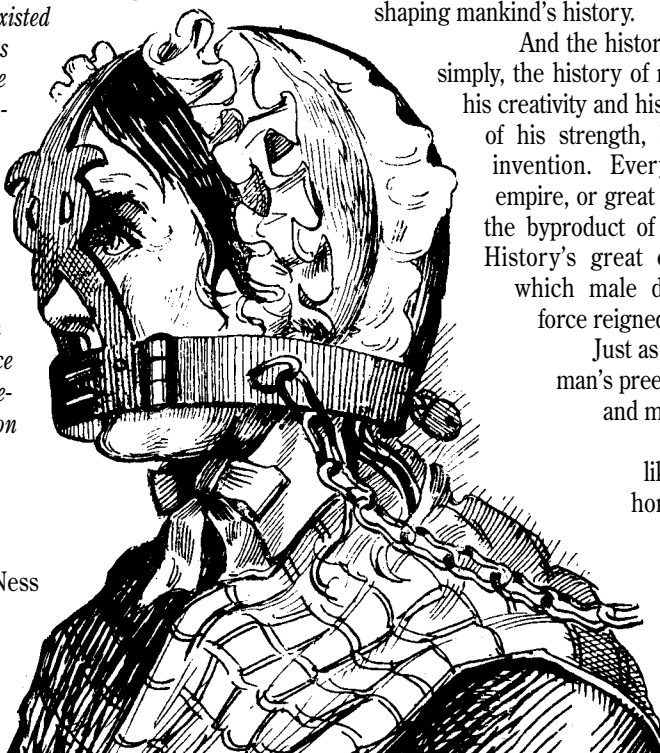
At one time, all was right with the world. It was lorded over by men who imposed their will by force. Women kept their mouths shut, underlings knew their place, and those who opposed the prevailing order had their heads cut off. So far, so good. In this bygone Golden Age, sadistic values determined the quality of life. Sadistic values are exclusively male values, values predicated not upon baseless intellectual abstractions or wishful thinking, but upon hard biological truths.

One such truth involves testosterone, the hormone responsible for shaping the male character. It lies at the root of man's aggression and domination and has consequently played *the* key role in shaping mankind's history.

And the history of mankind is, quite simply, the history of man. It is the story of his creativity and his daring. It is the story of his strength, his courage, and his invention. Every great idea, great empire, or great undertaking has been the byproduct of man and man alone. History's great epochs are those in which male domination and male force reigned supreme.

Just as testosterone ordained man's preeminent role as creator and master of world history, woman's position was likewise decided by her hormonal predisposition.

Estrogen lies at the center of the feminine character, and it is this hormone,



says science, that is responsible for woman's overabundance of emotion and apparent lack of logic. This primary biological difference is the basis of what is commonly referred to as sexual differentiation.

Woman is quick to embrace the concept of sexual/hormonal differentiation when she can use it to her advantage—to explain, for instance, why men are such brutes. But when the same criteria are applied to explain her own shortcomings, she dismisses it as a cruel construct invented by man to discredit her. She is far more comfortable with feelings than with facts. Facts, in her opinion, are made by man in the *image* of man, to be used against her, to keep her down. When confronted by the cold reality of facts, woman's emotions fly into a tizzy, and her emotions have no origin in the intellect, or in instinct, or in any sort of observation or deductive reasoning. They are instead a primordial amalgam of overblown hopes and fears, childish fantasies carried to absurd extremes.

As reactions to external realities, her emotions make no apparent sense. Only when recognized as the byproduct of an overwhelming *internal reality*—that of estrogen—do her emotions and perceptions finally begin to become comprehensible.

In a once-glorious past, woman was a creature without rights, a second-class citizen. In some places, she wasn't considered a citizen at all—she was property. She was part cook, part whore, part servant, and all child. So what has changed to put woman on an equal footing with man, deserving of the same rights and privileges? Has woman herself changed? Decidedly not. Not in temperament, character, or ability. She is the same creature she has always been, with the sad addition of some rather unflattering conceits.

It is not woman's advancement in the realm of character which has facilitated her upward mobility—rather, it is man's loss of character. She has gained ground only because he has lost ground. And why has he lost ground? Because the white male has been bamboozled. He has been shamed into submission and made to feel guilty about his aggression and his will-to-power. But are not aggression and the will-to-power part and parcel of his character, stamped upon his soul by nature itself? Are they not in fact the very things which once ordained his greatness?

Modern woman would have us believe that she has been oppressed by countless centuries of male domination. Can this be true? She would have us believe that her standing was the outcome of some arbitrary bit of whimsy, concocted spitefully by man and imposed maliciously (unfairly!) upon woman.



Was woman forcibly *held back* by the superior strength and intellect of man, or was she simply in an "inferior" position due to some lack of those qualities within herself? Was it man who chose a second-class existence for woman, or was it, in fact, nature? Man sought only to act in accordance with the reality dictated by nature's wisdom.

Woman, in her bitterness, blamed man for the position in which she found herself. This was surely *his* doing. He had cruelly cheated her out of all that was rightfully hers. The cad! Allowing her emotions to run wild (as usual), woman blamed man for all the world's ills, attacking male values at every opportunity. Ironically, it was the collapse and disappearance of male values which permitted woman's rise to begin with. The "domination" which she so fervently attacked had, for all intents and purposes, long since vanished from public life. The positive, aggressive male values behind every step of upward evolution have been superseded by a soft and passive female ethic.

What can be done to subdue the sickly sway of feminine values? How can we silence the interminable whining of feminism's sob sisters? In a nutshell: Woman must be put back in her place. Man's great error was to put woman on a pedestal, when she is far more at ease on her knees—where she belongs. The only way to subdue feminine values is by subduing the female herself. Woman must be reacquainted with truth and force. She must be reacquainted with truth *through* force.

Since woman is above all an emotional creature, appeals to her "intellect" are worthless. She must be shown in no uncertain terms the absolute nature of the master/slave relationship endemic to the sexes. What plainer way to demonstrate this relationship than the simple act of rape? This primary act reveals beyond a reasonable doubt certain irrefutable verities: Man is taller, woman is smaller. Man is strong, woman is weak. Man is master, woman is not.

The ritual we now call marriage originated as abduction, rape, and enslavement. In those happy-go-lucky days, one's rights were not mere abstractions based on legislation, but rather the outcome of what could be imposed by physical force alone. Force was recognized as truth in action, and the outcome of force





was acknowledged as justice. Although this principle has been widely disavowed, its truth is as absolute now as it ever was.

And the only truth a woman is capable of understanding is that which she can feel wholly within the depths of her childlike emotions. At one time, those emotions could be swayed by the sweet notion of romance, but her envy has long since destroyed that. These days, the only way to restore balance between the sexes is by fear and pain. Fear commands respect, and pain demands understanding (read: compliance).

Rape is the act by which fear and pain are united in love. It is the triumph of harmony through oppression.

Rape teaches balance—the natural balance of man-above/woman-below. This balance is a lesson which woman must learn, and only man can teach her.

The only way to teach subjugation is through hands-on oppression. And woman must learn subjugation. The only way to teach submission is through active domination. And woman must learn submission. She

must be brought down to her natural kneeling position. She must be returned to the bottom, where she's happiest. Only then may man be happy once more.

If it takes war to reinstate this happiness, then let there be war. Not a war *between* the sexes, but a war *of* the sexes, against the pernicious doctrine of sexual equality. And if the chief weapon in this war is rape, then let there be rape. Let there be triumphant male force riding roughshod over woman and her values. Let there be brutal male force instructing and enlightening woman in absolute terms. Each rape is but a battle in a war. And each battle won is but a link in a glorious chain—a chain which will one day be used to keep woman in her naturally ordained place—beneath man.

But enough of talk. The time for words is over. The time for action has come. Now is the time to rise up. Now is the time to go forth. Now is the time to educate. Now is the time to subjugate. Now is the time to dominate. Now is the time to rape. Now is the time to rape. Now is the time to rape. Let the Revolt Against Penis Envy commence. Go forth! Rise up! Rape! Rape! Rape!

Long live oppression!

Long live love!

Long live rape! ■

